

THE
GAXX

1912





OUR PRESIDENT

Caldwell Historical Society
& Heritage Museum
112 Varden Street SW
Lenoir, NC 28645



“THE COLLEGE BABY”

Foreword of Editors

WE PRESENT this, volume VII, of the Galax to you, knowing that there are many imperfections. But it is our best and although it may be a poor best, we trust you will be as lenient as possible with your criticism. (It has cost us much hard work and worry.) We hope that for those who have been among us, it will prove interesting now and bring up pleasant memories in future years, when you chance to turn its pages. May it be a pleasure to you to look over them and may the reminiscences be such that it will be a pleasure to dwell upon them. For those who have not had the pleasure of being among us, we hope that it will portray some knowledge of Davenport.

We wish to express our thanks to Miss Thilo, Rosalie Lackey, and Grace Carpenter to whom we are so greatly indebted for their kind service rendered us in the pen sketches, and to all who have helped us in any way.

Editors and Reporters

KATE SHAW	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
JEWELL WOMBLE	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager

REPORTERS

ELLEN ROGERS, Senior

MAE CLINE, Junior

MARY NEWLAND, Sophomore

ESTELLE MILLER, Freshman

MARY PARKS, Prep.

EMILY FULLER, Special



EDITORS AND REPORTERS

Faculty

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(Vanderbilt University)
Science and Psychology

MISS ROWENA SANDERS
Lady Principal

MISS EDITH LEE RADFORD
(A. B. Randolph-Macon Woman's College)
Mathematics

MISS EDNA HOLTZCLAW
(Davenport College; Trinity College)
Latin, French and German

MISS MILDRED LOUISE WALLACE
(Fairmount, A. B.; Smith, A. B.)
English

MISS JOSEPHINE THILO
(New York State Teacher's Training School; Pratt
Institute, Brooklyn)
Art

MISS ELIZABETH NORWOOD
(Athens Female College; Florence Female College;
State Normal of Georgia)
Primary Department

Conservatory of Music

THOMAS WILLARD BIRMINGHAM

DIRECTOR

(Graduate and Post-Graduate Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio; four years Cincinnati College of Music. Private pupil, Madam Agnes Stein (Leipsic) New York City.
Life State Certificate for Supervisor of
Music in Public School System
Ohio and Missouri)

MRS. S. C. HEBRON

(Pupil Julie Rive King)

Piano

MISS EVELYN WALL

(Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois; Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio; University of Texas.)

Voice

MISS LUCY JORDAN

(Davenport College Conservatory of Music)

Director of Practice

MISS ALMA GOODE

(Davenport College Conservatory of Music)

Assistant Director of Practice

School of Expression

T. W. BIRMINGHAM

Director



THE FACULTY

Davenport

Dear Old Alma Mater with mem'ries sweet,
Alas! our college days we would repeat.
Vacations gay renew our ties to thine,
Each thought of love our hearts more firmly bind.
Nay we, the Senior Class of nineteen twelve,
Proclaim afar thy worth in work to delve.
O'er Math we pored and hard Psychology
Reports that made us scorn Geometry
Thereby instill respect for faculty.

—M. H. L.

The College Song

Let us join a glad refrain,
Let us make the welkin ring,
While old "Davenport" we praise.
Let the days be foul or clear,
We have nothing now to fear,
For life's roses bloom in happy college days.

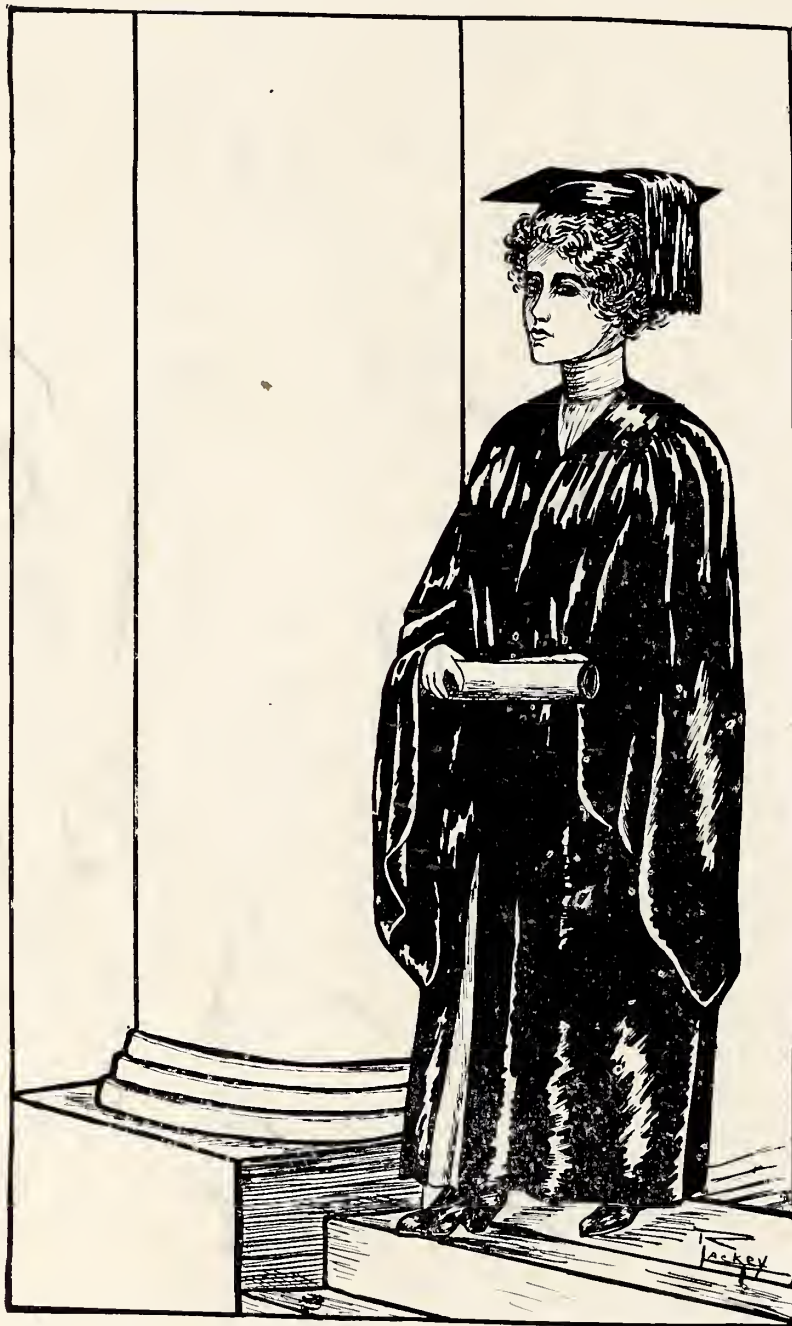
CHORUS

Banded today in love we are,
Sadly at last will part;
Love with a kind and holy hand,
Locks memories in each heart

In the coming days of life
If earth's sorrows dim the light,
Let us all these memories keep;
May no tears of vain regret,
Hide fair visions from our sight,
While notes of joy through every heart shall sweep.

Banded at last in love we'll die,
Tho' we be far apart;
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in each heart;
Love with a kind and holy hand
Locks memories in my heart.

Classes



MARY HILL LENTZ

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."



LOIS JEWELL
WOMBLE

"To know her is to love her."





KATE JERMAN
SHAW

"A merry heart mak-
eth a cheerful counte-
nance."



VIRGINIA REBECCA
PATTERSON

"She's beautiful; and
therefore to be wooed;
she is a woman, there-
fore to be won."



SALLIE RAMSEY
IVEY

"In manners gentle, in
affection m ld,
In wit a woman, in sim-
plicity a child."



GERTRUDE BLANCH
COURTNEY

Graduate in both music
and literary course.

"Not over serious, not
too gay, but a rare good
fellow."



ADDIE DAVIDSON
MAUNEY

"Her eyes are stars of
twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her
dusky hair."



WILLIE BELL
MAUNEY

"She is pretty to walk
with, witty to talk with
and pleasant to think
on."

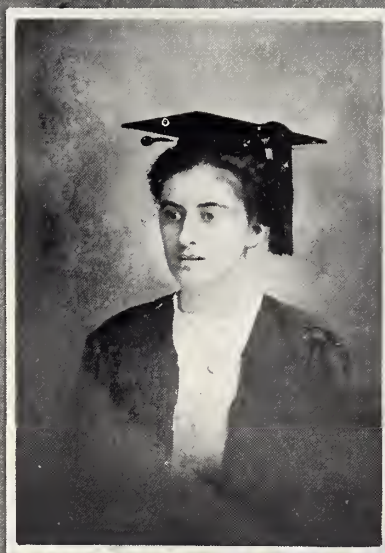
SARA ELLEN
ROGERS

"The reason firm, the
temperate will,
Endurance, foresight,
strength and skill."



MAMIE VICTORIAN
MABRY

"They are never alone
that are accompanied by
noble thoughts."





BRYTE INEZ BESS

"Grace was in all her
steps, heaven in her
eyes;

"In every gesture dig-
nity and love."



MAMIE MILLER

"A perfect woman
nobly planned to warn
to comfort and com-
mand."



KANSAS BYERS

“Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed.”

To Our Alma Mater

Beneath the veranda's classic shade
We stand to-day and view
With faces sad and sadder hearts
The years we've spent with you.
Goodbye to scenes and faces dear
So hard it is to part with thee,
Fain would we linger here awhile
But fate has spoken "It must be."

And in these years of hopes and fears
Upon this dear old hill
We've learned to love each ancient tree,
Gigantic stern and still.
The life we've had within thy walls
Oh Alma Mater dear
Has fitted us for life itself
A broader nobler sphere.

Tho' we're but children on the shore
Of life's sea's broad expanse,
We stand together on the brink
And cast a backward glance
And tho' we part we always know
Our hearts are still with you.
With loving gratitude we give
Old Davenport a fond adieu.

SALLIE IVEY

Senior Class History

Out of nineteen Freshmen there are only four of us who have reached the Senior year. One would be surprised to see how four years of "ups and downs" have molded us four poor little ignorant freshmen into stately dignified seniors. We are not alone however, for each year new members have come to us. In our Sophomore year two brilliant members from the Eastern section of our state joined us, Misses Shaw and Womble or as we call them now "Katie" and "Jubie", also our little "Mountain hooger" Ellen Rogers of whom we are all proud. Mary Hill Lentz (Miss Hill) our honored President and Mamie Mabry, the most pious of our class joined the race last year. At the last mile-post we were happy to welcome two distinguished town students, Misses Courtney and Ivey, and the Mauney sisters from the extreme western part of our state who have proved a useful addition to our class both in intellect and beauty.

Mary Hill Lentz has filled her position as our President in an unusually satisfactory manner. She is sweet, kind, and unpretentious. She is the least of us too, but she bears our sorrows and trials bravely and pleads for us valiantly in every difficulty. Bravery is one of her chief characteristics, although one would not think it to look at her sweet gentle face and hear her soft voice. But we know, for she has proved it by pleading for us before our formidable Lady Principal and our stern Mr. Craven. We shall never forget her for all she has done for us both by example and precept.

I shall tell you a few of "Jubies" virtues next. She is patience personified. She is Mr. Craven's private secretary, president of Y. W. C. A., and Business Manager of the Galax, and therefore has numerous duties besides class work, but never a murmur is heard from her. She meets everyone with a sweet smile and cheerful word. Everyone loves "Jubie" from the most dignified of our teachers to the least subfreshman.

"Katie" is our "giggler." These ripples of sunshine cheer us all, however, when the days are dark and mountains of Physics and Analytics loom up before us. But she is an apt student and her grades are always good. She is

unselfish too, with her wisdom as all Latin students will surely testify. Virginia says its no wonder Kate is so pretty, she stands before the mirror all the time in her room and "primpes." Virginia's pretty too and they had to get a big new mirror sometime ago.

Virginia's highest ambition is to become a Countess. We think she would fill this position admirably as she has long been considered the most dignified member of our class. But before she attains this position she will have to give up her favorite expression, "Gentlemans umph!" which she adapts to all occasions. Let us hope that she will never reach this position for we would never recognize our "Ginger" without this little expression. We have higher ambitions for her as her music ability leads us to hope that she will one day be famous as a pianist.

Bryte's name is just suited to her. She has beautiful brown wavy hair, sparkling brown eyes and a brisk dignified walk. She's smart too and we're proud of her. There is a proud air about her but her gentleness and kindness shine through this to keep off haughtiness. She has been here four years and has always been noted for her personal beauty and cheerful friendliness.

Mamie Miller is a genius. Since her Freshman year she has been famous for her English composition. Her mind is like a magnet, it simply draws the truths and they stick. Her talents are numerous, music being a very prominent one. Mamie is very charming and has a long list of suitors. We fear she practices coquetry sometimes, but she says she's true to one. She wins many friends among her schoolmates. This description might give the impression that Mamie did not care for her books, but she is very studious and dismisses everything else when it is time to study.

Gertrude Courtney, "Trude" is a town student whom we are proud to own. She is very brilliant and therefore can take life easy. She hates Math. but she is very accomplished in music. She is going to graduate in piano this year and she has the honor of being the only violinist in our class. Her jolly good nature and girlish fun make her a favorite among us.

"Trude" and "Sal" are inseparable and of course Sallie's history must come next since they could not be written as

one. Davenport has been her home since babyhood and she is a worthy daughter. Sallie is one of our pretty girls and her jolly laugh and ready wit make her welcome anywhere. She is one of our youngest members and also one of our brightest. She and "Trude" continually congratulate themselves on the fact that they got off their Senior English last year.

Ellen Rogers is noted for her ability in Math. There are few of our number who can cope with her in storing up knowledge in all branches, and I'm sure none of us would be willing to measure muscle with her. She not only lead her class last year but the whole school—she won the Scholarship Medal. Her manner is one of stately dignity and independence.

Mamie Mabry, our Vice-President, is the most conscientious girl in our class. Nothing but the Galax will keep her from her studies, not even letters from (home?) In class she is oblivious to everything except her lesson. Her motto is, "Be not satisfied with thine attainment till thou hast gained the best." One would not think to see her serious attention in class and her studiousness, that she could "act" as much as any of us when there are no lessons to be learned.

Bell Mauney is decidedly the belle of our class, and "sweet" doesn't half express her charming attractive nature. Though she has been with us only during this year we feel that she is as much ours as if she had come up all the way with us. Bell is very quick at learning too. She can spend a good deal of time scattering sunshine and then get her lessons.

Addie is very quiet and unassuming but under her quiet and modest demeanor there is an active "thinker" which manifests itself especially in Math. She is one of our most promising mathematicians, however she devotes most of her time to voice culture. She has a way of winning friends easily and what is still more desirable, the ability to keep them. These qualities together with her amiable disposition, we think will make her an admirable schoolma'am.

It is not meet that one should extol oneself and besides, this is a history, not an autobiography. And now our history up to the present is finished. Hoping that the future years will add nothing but happiness to the history of each one of you, I bid you farewell, my classmates.

KANSAS BYERS

Clippings from Some of the Leading Papers from 1916 to 1924

WEDDING BELLS

Asheville, N. C., March 6, 1916.—An announcement of interest in Asheville and elsewhere throughout the State is that of the approaching marriage of Miss Addie Mauney and Major Jack Dalmain of the United States Army, engineers corps, which will take place June 20 in Asheville, North Carolina. After the wedding Major and Mrs. Dalmain will make their home in San Francisco.

Miss Mauney is the attractive and popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mauney and will be missed much in the social circle of Asheville—Asheville Herald.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD SECURES VALUABLE BOOK-KEEPER

New York City, March 20, 1916.—Miss Jewell Womble, of Selma, North Carolina has accepted a position as book-keeper for the New York Central Railroad. This is a difficult position to fill but Miss Womble comes here highly recommended and she has already acquired a state-wide reputation in her particular department of work. She started her business career as private secretary at Davenport College, Lenoir, North Carolina and has been most successful ever since. We feel sure she is competent in every respect to fill the place and the railroad considers itself fortunate in securing her services.—New York Sun.

SECRETARY OF Y. W. C. A. DELIGHTFULLY ENTERTAINED A LARGE AUDIENCE

Charleston, S. C. May 3, 1916—Miss Kate Shaw appeared in the city last night at the Woman's College and gave

one of her unique entertainments. She is secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and the representative of the national headquarters. Her special aim is to create an interest in the foreign Department of the Y. W. C. A. She has visited several of the foreign schools in India and other Asiatic countries among them the Isabella Thoburn College Branch and brought back with her one of the high-caste Hindus. Miss Shaw with her charming personality and intense determination along with the Hindu who always appears in Oriental costume has created much enthusiasm in the colleges which they have visited. The College has already decided to have a bazaar to raise money for the Isabella Thoburn as a result of Miss Shaw's visit. This will perhaps be her last tour "singly" anyway as her marriage to Dr. H. R. Forbes, President of Oklahoma College was announced in the last issue of the Oklahoma Times.—Charleston News and Courier.

HOME FROM AN EXTENDED TRIP ABROAD

Wilmington, N. C. August 15, 1916.—The many friends of Miss Bell Mauney will be glad to know of her return from her trip abroad. She sailed May 20, 1915 on the Susitania from New York Harbor. While away she visited many points of interest in Europe.

At a Ball in Paris she met the Spanish Duke Romanelli who became very much infatuated with her. A month later he gave a Grand Ball in her honor in the Duke's palace. Sometime later he gave an elaborate luncheon to announce their engagement before she sailed for home.

This romance between the Duke and Miss Mauney is the culmination in part at least, of a Leap Year proposal writ-

ten by Miss Mauney to the Duke at the first of the year.—The Wilmington Gazette

DELIGHTFUL LUNCHEON

Richmond, Va. March 11, 1917.—On Thursday March 9, Miss Sallie Ivey, teacher of domestic-science in the Woman's College, assisted by her class gave a delightful luncheon to a number of celebrated persons in the city. Among those present were Major Wilson and wife of this city, President and Mrs. Brown of the College, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Harstin, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Shell, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Darwin, Misses Carr, Stimpson, Glass, and Hartly, Messrs Fred Cowles, Jack Halliburton, Eugene Johnson and Chas. Dellinger. Mr. and Mrs. Hedrick of the Times were fortunate enough to be included.

Miss Ivey makes a specialty of the famous Southern dishes of which we hear so much. Her methods and receipts used are those from the old Southern "Mammies." She is extremely popular as a reproducer of these dishes.

Miss Ivey's department has increased so in numbers and in interest that increased facilities and better equipments have been made.

The Menu was served in courses.—Richmond Times.

VALUABLE ADDITION TO FACULTY OF SMITH COLLEGE

Boston, Mass. August 30, 1917.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Smith College last Thursday, Miss Mamie Miller was elected to the chair of English by a unanimous vote.

Miss Miller is now famous as the author of the last serial story in "Everybody's" which will appear in book form this fall. The literary world is waiting impatiently for her new novel the title of which has not been made public. Her writings are

very similar to Van Dyke's and one can trace in them the absorption of his sentiments and teachings. While still in College she admired Van Dyke's style and may be called now a student of his.

Miss Miller is a graduate of Davenport College, Lenoir, North Carolina and also of Smith College last year, leaving school at both places with an unsurpassed record.—Massachusetts Dispatch.

REMEMBER TO-NIGHT A MUSICAL RECITAL BY THE SKILLED MISS PATTERSON

Durham, N. C. Nov. 18, 1917.—On Friday night November the sixteenth Miss Virginia Patterson at her recital, in the Conservatory Auditorum, gave an artistic programme composed of selections from the world's greatest masters. In Wagner's "Magic Fire" the brilliancy of her touch was brought out while in "Kammenoi—Ostrow" by Rubenstein the delicacy of her touch was shown. The rendition of all her selections was faultless.

This is Miss Patterson's second year here as teacher in the Conservatory and her recitals together with her personal charms are much enjoyed by the general public.

GREAT EXCITEMENT OVER THE RETURN OF THE AMERICAN

London, Feb. 20, 1918.—The America, one of United States best passenger steamers has just returned from the remote islands of the Pacific by way of the Panama Canal. It has been making a cruise around the world. The passengers became exceedingly interested in the island of Ceylon where they very unexpectedly found a modern hospital. It seems that about two months ago there was an epidemic of yellow fever on board the war-ship Marathon. The officers and sailors were promptly taken to the International Red Cross hospital which is under the direction of Miss Bryte Bess. This

is indeed a wonderful institution and the ability and skill with which Miss Bess manages it is nothing short of remarkable. The hospital is well equipped and is a picturesque looking place, situated in an unexpected but ideal place. Miss Bess planned and directed the building and now owns the institution.

Strange to say, but not very strange after all, the Captain of the Marathon fell desperately in love with Miss Bess and declares he is going to Ceylon again this spring.—London Times.

MRS ADAMS ENTERTAINS COMPLIMENTARY TO LADY PRINCIPAL OF CAROLINA COLLEGE

Raleigh, N. C. April 8, 1918.—One of the most delightful events in the social calender of Carolina College was the elaborate reception given by Mrs. Adams, wife of the President of the College, complimentary to Miss Mary Hill Lentz, the Lady Principal. The hours were from four to six. The guests were welcomed in the hall by Miss Spincer, the art teacher in blue crepe de chine over messaline. Miss Adams in light blue marquisette, with the ladies of the faculty. Miss Lentz wore a pink bordered marquisette over pink satin. The dining-room was lovely with a profusion of pink and white carnations and ferns.

Misses Lucile and Margaret Adams, small daughter of the hostess received the cards at the door. A host of friends called during the afternoon.—The Raleigh News.

RANDOLPH MACON SECURE THE SERVICES OF MISS ROGERS AS INSTRUCTOR OF MATHEMATICS

Lynchburg, Va. Aug. 30, 1919.—Randolph Macon Woman's College was fortunate enough to secure Miss Ellen Rogers of Asheville, North Carolina as teacher of higher mathematics. Miss Rogers had already decided to go to another leading college in the South, when, by a great effort on the part of

the President, Dr. W. W. Smith, She was at last secured.

Miss Rogers is well qualified for her work as she is a graduate both of Davenport College and Peabody College Nashville, Tennessee. She graduated at both places with brilliant honors.—Lynchburg Courier.

ONE MORE SOUTHERN WOMAN GIVEN HER LIFE TO A GOOD CAUSE

New York City, Sept. 6, 1920.—The services of Miss Mamie Mabry as a missionary for the last two years have been unparalleled. She is a woman of intense determination and her work has made her great strides towards progress. After leaving school she began a systematic study of missions at Scarritt Bible and Training School where she spent four years studying Bible and the best methods of reaching and helping the needy. After graduating here she went to Philadelphia and studied medicine as applied to Missions.

After completing her course she went to China and her ability and efficiency being recognized she was placed in charge of the government hospital, where she had the pleasure of helping plan and install the new Republic of China.

Her reputation as an eye specialist brought numbers of those people who have so much trouble with their eyes to her for treatment. She has come to be called by the Chinese, "The Lady of the New Eye."—The Missionary Voice.

MISS BYERS, THE GREAT LEADER OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Raleigh, N. C. May 12, 1914.—Interesting indeed are the addresses now being made by Miss Kansas Byers of Wilmington, on Woman's Suffrage. She is a woman of strong convictions and does not hesitate to express her opinions, but always in a tactful and dignified way. While in Charlotte Miss Byers heard a suffragette speak and

will play scales so correctly that she can sleep while giving a lesson.

Item 13. To the Junior Class we bequeath our robes and caps and syrup pitcher. Also a great amount of dignity and our grits and hominy.

Item 14. To the College in general we will and bequeath our excellent reports on deportment and best wishes for future years.

We hereby appoint Mrs. Craven executrix of this one last will and testament and also nominate and appoint the said Mrs. Craven, guardian of the Juniors and we beg her to keep close watch over them and train them up in the way they should go. We also charge her to help and encourage them in every way, constantly holding before them the brilliant example we have set.

In witness whereof we have signed our names in the presence of these witnesses who sign in our presence and in the presence of others, this 22nd day of May 1912.

(Signed)

Mary Hill Lentz,
Kate Shaw,
Kansas Byers,
Virginia Patterson,
Bell Mauney,
Bryte Bess,
Mamie Mabry,
Mamie Miller,
Addie D. Mauney,
Sallie R. Ivey,
Ellen Rogers,
Jewell Womble,
Gertrude Courtney.

Special Graduates

ROSALIE LACKEY
Graduate in Art.



ALMA GOODE
Graduate in Piano.





ZELMA WINKLER
Graduate in Expression.



LUCY JORDON
Graduate in Voice and Piano.

ISABELLE MABRY
Graduate in Piano.



SALLIE COX
Graduate in Piano.





ERIN CLINE
Graduate in voice.



ZAIDA WINKLER
Graduate in Expression.



AGNES PUETT
Graduate in Voice and Piano

Special Class History

The Special Class of Davenport considers itself the most Special of any class. We have more members than any other class and have almost as many graduates as there are literary Seniors. We will not take space in "The Galax" to give the history of all our members, but will try to tell you just a little about our Seniors.

Rosalie is our president and she bears this "great responsibility" admirably. She is our greatest artist; therefore she spends most of her time in the Art Studio.

Sallie is one of our most learned members. She has accomplished much in her music during her two years stay at Davenport as one would readily see could they see her nimble fingers as they glide over the keys.

Lucy devotes most of her time to voice culture and from all appearances now she will some day prove to be a second Nordica.

Alma is a member of whom we are justly proud. She is talented in many ways but especially in music. She has a pleasant smile for every one, and her ready sympathy draws every one near her.

Zelma and Zaida are the only graduates in Expression and we consider ourselves very fortunate in having them in our class.

Agnes is a girl of many talents; she is a vocalist, pianist, as well as a composer.

Often on Tuesdays and Fridays the melodious voice of Evrin may be heard as it floats through the halls.

Gertrude devotes much of her time to music, despite the fact that she is a literary Senior. We cannot say much more of her than has already been mentioned in the Senior Class History.

Now, may each of us never regret having been together at this dear old place is the wish of your class-mate.

ISABELLE MABRY



Copied
by
G. Carpenter

Junior Class

MOTTO:

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield

COLOR

Purple and Gold

FLOWER

Violet

YELL

Loose! Loose! Loose!

Here we come in a big caboose!

Roosters! Toasters! Who are we?

1913's of old D. C.

OFFICERS

Ethel Brown	-	-	-	-	-	President
Lucy Harrelson	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Mae Cline	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
Lucy Camp	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

Ethel Brown	Lucy Harrelson
Lucy Camp	Mae Cline
Louise Burkhead	Louise Waldrop



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History

When we arrived at Davenport in the fall of 1911, we were grieved to find that so few of our classmates had returned, however we were glad to welcome four new members.

At first it seemed that our small class had heavier burdens than could be borne and, although we are few in number and often need advice, which the Sophmores are ever ready to give, still we reject any advice offered by them for they are at present suffering from too much self-esteem, because they are constantly reminded of the good timber which is in their class.

Our president, Ethel Brown, is one to be proud of, for she is ever ready to give us help and is destined to be one of Davenport's greatest musicians.

The Vice-President, Lucy Harrelson, is always found working very industriously, if not studying she is answering those many many letters from her "friends."

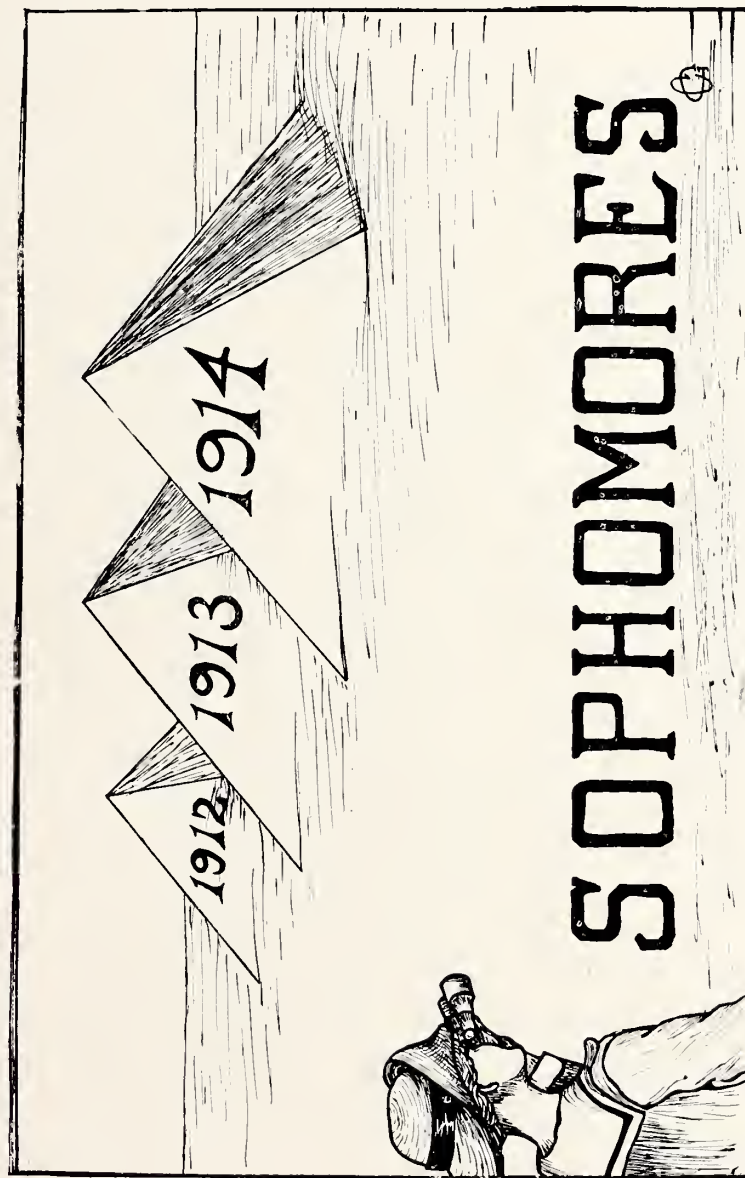
The most studious girl in our class is Mae Cline. She can always be found poring over French and Latin.

As for Louise Burkhead she is always up for something new and can never be found in a serious mood

Louise Waldrop, our fat dumpy classmate will some day make a great poet as well as a voice and English teacher if she keeps on.

I have racked my poor brain trying to choose some good qualities in all my classmates and there are none left in me now. Perhaps by next year I will be more worthy.

LUCY CAMP.



Sophomore Class

MOTTO

Through diligence we prosper

COLORS

White and gold

FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rih!
Who are we?
Sophomores! Sophomores!
Can't you see?

OFFICERS

Mabel Cherry	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Mary Newland	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Fay Cunningham	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
Blanche Mann	-	-	-	-	-	-	Historian
Mary Newland	-	-	-	-	-	-	Reporter

MEMBERS

Fay Cunningham	Edna Niven
Mabel Cherry	Mary Newland
Annie Heafner	Charity Nipper
Johnsie Harshaw	Helen Pleasants
Mary Lowrance	Amy Price
Olive Kent	Pauline Raper
Elizabeth Miller	Mary Parks Shell
Hattie McClure	Nellie West
Blanche Mann	Jessie Ervin



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

History is prophecy matured, it is augury translated into event. Invention is therefore no part of my present venture, but to be faithful in my chronicle of what others have conceived and wrought is my chief design, and this the subjects of my sketch have a right to claim.

The number of our class forbids the mention of each member by name, so we must be content with composite picture whose meagre lines and fainter hues will give scope to dreams of what might be said.

Judged from our standpoint we are a class of industrious and high-grade workers in the field of scholarship. We have tried to learn that:

"No one has done his Duty,
Until he has done his Best."

We have reached that degree of thoroughness that enables us to work a geometrical proposition in ten minutes so that Miss Radford never has to use her expression "quickly girls."

English is our bug-bear, but I think Miss Wallace has finally convinced us that "Conciliation is admissible."

We are particularly strong as linguists, who never fail to get the right word in the wrong place. The following will illustrate: "The sanctuary, and not the benediction is pronounced;" and "In this time of aerial navigation birds have grown jealous of the infringement upon their rights, and have ceased to fly through the air but instead, they pervade it." These are some of the specimens of our perfect diction, but we are consoled by the fact that:

"It is not what one Does,
But what one tries to do
That makes the Soul strong,
And fit for a noble career."

I am sure Cicero's ghost bides near, for even the dead would appreciate the glibness with which we stumble over his pedantic "stunts" in oratory.

In studying evolution, one of our brightest minds discovered that beetles descended from their ancestors. This was an unshrouding of mystery for which we felt grateful.

Although we are a good class, we are not wholly lacking

in faults and as Inez expressed it "Much mischief we may certainly do."

"Oh! that her (Miss Sanders) eyes might closed be
To what we wish her not to see,
That deafness might befall her ear,
To what we wish her not to hear."

To hear us recite history one would think that we were a reunion of elder statesmen recalling events of long ago, so perfectly conversant are we with the facts of other times.

Thus you see, we give play to our several talents, and aided by our earnest teachers, our purpose to be and do is strengthened into faithful effort. We have a grand aim in view, that of being dignified Seniors at Davenport, and of some day graduating. So we say:

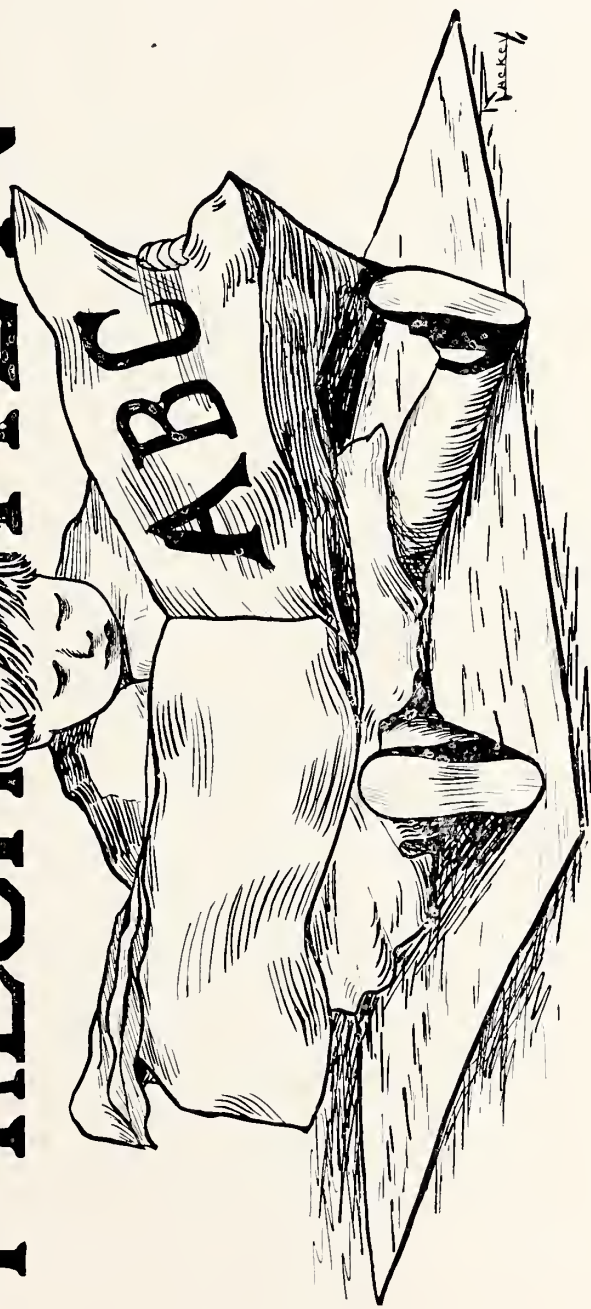
"Success, my girls, is the aim of all,
But to live that joy to the full,
You want to get there,
Through the door marked Push,
And not through the door marked Pull."

BLANCHE MANN.

“Toast”

Here's to the class of 1915.
Here's to the Freshmen true,
Here's to the class that's sure of winning,
Here's to the girls in blue.

FRESH MEN



Freshman Class

MOTTO

Knowledge waits at labor's gate

COLORS

Black and Yellow

FLOWER

Marechal Niel Rose

YELL

Rickety! Rickety!
Rah! Rah! Ree!
We're the Freshmen
Yes siree.

OFFICERS

Lucy Byers	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Beulah Williamson		-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Knox Bess	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
Jennie Tuttle	-	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

Knox Bess	Callie Hyatt
Lucy Byers	Estelle Miller
Dovie Hyatt	Sarah Phillips
Ferrie Rhyne	
Janie Tuttle	
Beulah Williamson	



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

The Freshman Class of 1911-12 is, contrary to the usual custom, one of the smallest classes in school. We are an exceptional class, not only in number, but also in the great amount of pluck and energy which every member possesses.

As we climbed the hill last fall, feeling very tired and homesick, we felt that we fully deserved the name Freshman, and the attitude of the Sophomores did not, by any means, lessen our feelings of insignificance.

However, after we had struggled through three or four weeks of homesickness, we began to feel that even Freshmen were of some importance in College life, even if for nothing more than to receive the taunts of the Sophomores. Indeed I think they will ever feel indebted to us for receiving so good naturedly, the effects of their surplus energy.

We have succeeded so well in overcoming our difficulties that the Sophs now approach us with a great degree of respect and ask our opinions on all matters of importance.

We have cultivated very studious habits but are not yet ready to give up all the fun and pranks to which our name entitles us, and we have about decided to wait till next year to take our first lessons in dignity.

We hope that we will profit by our mistakes, and finally succeed in mounting the topmost round of the College ladder.

JANIE TUTTLE



Preps.

MOTTO:

Up the ladder step by step

COLORS

Pink and Green

FLOWER

Sweet-Peas

YELL

Pocket full of Rocks,
Head full of Knowledge
We are the Preps
Of Davenport College.

OFFICERS

Annie Wilson	-	-	-	-	-	President
Mary Parks	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Cleo Wall	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary

MEMBERS

Annie Glass	Jonnie Mease
Willie Baber	Kathleen Michaux
Knoxie Kiser	Fannie Beattie
Georgie Rankin	Mary Parks
Beatrice Reid	Ruth Sherrill
Olive Reid	Annie Wilson
Cleo Wall	Della Wilson



PREPS



FOUR LITTLE BUSY BEES



SPECIAL



Special Class

MOTTO

"Many are called but few are chosen."

FLOWER
Hyacinth

COLORS
Light Blue and Dark Blue

YELL

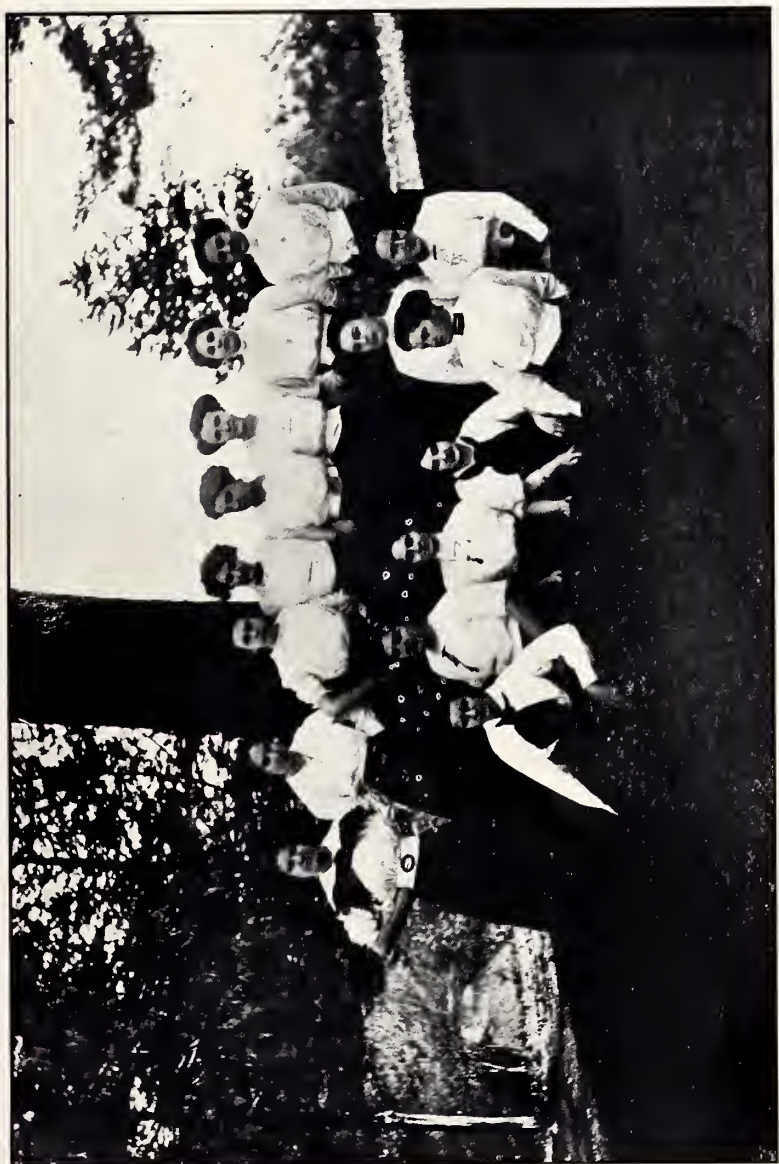
Can't yell (unlady like)

OFFICERS

Rosalie Lackey	-	-	-	-	-	President
Bessie Hoffman	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Lucy Jordan	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
Ruth Fincher	-	-	-	-	-	Class Artist
Alma Goode	-	-	-	-	-	Class Musician
Isabelle Mabry	-	-	-	-	-	Historian

MEMBERS

Sallie Cox	Alma Goode
Erin Cline	Willard Grier
Grace Carpenter	Alma Heafner
Ida Dorton	Bessie Hoffman
Ruth Fincher	Ollie Hege
Emily Fuller	Lucy Jordan
Hallie Gibbs	Rosalie Lackey
Joyce Lenoir	Agnes Puette
Essie Loven	Ruth Secrest
Isabelle Mabry	Eunice Stroup
Nell Mauney	Zaida Winkler
Edith Moore	Zelma Winkler



SPECIAL CLASS

Diary of a Dog

JUNE 1, 1911

I'm a little yellow fice dog and I do so many awful things, that I'll have to write a diary to keep up with myself. I am called "Jack" and sometimes "Cracker-Jack."

JUNE 2.

Murrel chased me all around the house this morning and switched me for eating up all the bones in big dog Carlo's plate. I chewed up one of her nicest dolls, too.

JUNE 3.

I'm clean out of breath! I've chased old Tab cat all over the country. Gee! how I love to see her run and bow up her back. There comes Murrell! I'll have to run for dear life or she will switch me again.

JUNE 4.

Murrell caught me while I was asleep. I don't think she will want to catch me again, for I left some little tooth prints on her hand.

JUNE 5.

Bill's the balky mule-ried my teeth on him this morning to see if he would move—I did n't know there were stars in daytime! Next thing I knew I was way down in the corn field. I believe my jaw-bone is broken.

JUNE 6.

I started on a hunt this morning. The other dogs could run awful fast. I had to run so fast my feet touched the ground forty-leven times a second. I decided it wasn't good exercise to hunt. I stayed behind and ate three hundred and sixty-leven persimmons. As I was going home I met some little pickaninnies. They were pretty good at throwing rocks. Ouch! they felt like dynamites to me.

JUNE 7.

A nice looking lady came this morning. I found her big hat on the bed and thought the birds on it would make me an excellent dinner. I chewed the old things all morning and never did come to the meat. Bet that woman will be mad when she finds that those birds were only shams—I wouldn't blame her.

JUNE 8.

A tramp tried to get in the house last night. When Carlo and I started after him grinding our teeth and growling savagely he made

for the fence. He got caught on a nail and Carlo pinned him down while I yelped and tried to chew him up. I had chewed off one leg of his pants when the men folks got to us. My! I felt relieved, for I have chewed better things than pants. They tasted something like the birds on the lady's hat.

JUNE 9.

The cook left the smoke house door open last night. Carolo and I ate so much meat—Ah! I can't walk straight to-day, think I've got palpitation of the heart or neuralgia aches, or—I don't know what—must be toothache.

JUNE 10

Out under some trees to-day I found some yellow bugs crawling out of a box. I tried to see what they were doing in there. Oh! the box turned over. How those things buzzed! Ouch! I'm dying—The bugs had fire on them!— — —. I'm twice my natural size. It's worse than neuralgia pain.

JUNE 11.

I'm so sick this morning. My eyes are swollen nearly shut— am at the point of death. Murrell came in and gave me a coal-oil bath. She thought I had fleas. Bother fleas! I'm nearly dead.

JUNE 12.

I didn't sleep any last night. All the hair has come off y body. Ah! that terrible coal-oil I have yielded up my spirit. I'll soon be in dog heaven. My remains shall be placed under the old apple tree by the garden wall. I guess Murrell will be sorry she switched me and put coal-oil on my back. I'll forgive her though. Wonder if she would cry if I were to die. I'm so sorry I teased old Tab cat. My dear old Carlo! how I hate to leave him. Seems as if I can see my lonely little grave,—only a plank with the words "Gone, but not forgotten" enseribed on it to mark the place where poor Jack, the yellow dog, lies.

JUNE 13.

Say! I feel first rate this morning. Haven't much hair on my back, but it doesn't hurt a bit. Murrell gave me a bath this morning. I splashed water on her and all over the floor, ate part of the soap, and tore her apron with my sharp teeth. I'll never forgive her for putting that coal-oil on me. God please help her to be good to me hereafter. I haven't time to write diaries. There are two cats here now. The new cat is the most fun. She looks like a volcano when she gets mad. I'm expecting to enjoy life in the future.

"Jack."

RUTH FINCHER

“Tab’s” Diary

- FEB. 22. The “Sides” entertained the “Tims” today—served punch and nabiscoes—good what there was of it. Miss Wall kept Study Hall tonight. All cut up” considerably—except me. I broke into joyful song just as the last bell rang. Was “jacked up” by Mr. Craven, also by Miss Sanders. O, my! such is life in a fashionable (?) boarding school
- FEB. 23. Miss Wallace very charmingly entertained the student body (in Study Hall) tonight from seven to nine. Delicious refreshments were served. The evening was very highly enjoyed.
- FEB. 24. Had a great big test today, but don’t want to see my 55. I had two visitors after the lights winked although it is against the rules. What will happen next?
- FEB. 25. All went to church today and the sermon was very much enjoyed—by some. Helen went down to see Miss S—and spent a quiet hour today and I know she had a fine time. She didn’t tell me though. I have good times there as she is so “nice” to us all.
- FEB. 26. Today is Monday and I swept behind the door and under the bed. Miss Sanders saw last Saturday night had passed without my having to study, and was kind enough to let me study on Monday for two hours in No. 3. although it is against the rules. I felt like a prisoner and therefore I acted like one.
Alone, alone, all, all alone, alone in No. 3. and never a “gal” took pity on my soul in agony.
- FEB. 27. The same old grind starts again school,—school, school! I know I will have to study Sat. night. I don’t know what the teachers would do if I didn’t—they all seem to take such an interest in me. I guess in the future I will be a (made) maid at Davenport.
- FEB. 28. Same old thing except rain.
- FEB. 29. Well as this day just comes once in four years I will —leave a blank space in its honor.
- FEB. 30. Don’t walk on your heels, and report to chapel before and after meals.

KATHLEEN MICHAUX, Prep.



HENRY TIMROD LITERARY SOCIETY

Y. W. C. A.

MOTTO

*"I am come that ye might have life and that ye might
have it more abundantly."*

OFFICERS

Jewell Womble	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Mamie Miller	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Mamie Mabry	-	-	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary
Virginia Patterson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary
Bryte Bess	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Mamie Miller	-	-	-	-	-	-	Membership
Kansas Byers	-	-	-	-	-	-	Devotional
Mable Cherry	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bible Study
Mary Hill Lentz	-	-	-	-	-	-	Missionary
Bessie Hoffman	-	-	-	-	-	-	Poster
Mamie Mabry	-	-	-	-	-	-	Intercollegiate
Kate Shaw	-	-	-	-	-	-	Music
Hattie McClure	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sunshine
Lucy Harrelson	-	-	-	-	-	-	Social
Bryte Bess	-	-	-	-	-	-	Finance



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Missionary Society

OFFICERS

Kansas Byers	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Alma Goode	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Vice President
Bryte Bess	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Vice-President
Mable Cherry	-	-	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary
Mamie Mabry	-	-	-	-	-	-	Corresponding Secretary
Floy Trollinger	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Miss Holtzclaw	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lady Manager



OFFICERS OF MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Art Class

MEMBERS

Grace Carpenter

Jennie Carpenter

Ruth Fincher

Rosalie Lackey

Essie Loven

Joyce Lenoir

Miss Holtzclaw

Bess Hoffman

Knoxie Kiser

Mary Newland

Willard Grier

Fannie Weaver



SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class

MOTTO:

Not finished, but begun

COLORS

Black and Red

FLOWER

Red Carnations

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Ree!
Seniors! Seniors! of old D. C.
Dig and delve, dig and delve,
We're the class of 1912.

OFFICERS

Mary Hill Lentz	-	-	-	-	-	President
Mamie Mabry	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Bryte Bess	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Virginia Patterson	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Kansas Byers	-	-	-	-	-	Historian
Sallie Ivey	-	-	-	-	-	Poet
Gertrude Courtney	-	-	-	-	-	Prophet

MEMBERS

Kansas Byers	Bell Mauney
Bryte Bess	Mamie Mabry
Gertrude Courtney	Mamie Miller
Sallie Ivey	Virginia Patterson
Mary Hill Lentz	Ellen Rogers
Addie Mauney	Kate Shaw
Jewell Womble	



ART CLASS

Music Class

Tommie Baber	Mary Lowrance
Willie Mae Baber	Addie Mauney
Kansas Byers	Nell Mauney
Ethel Brown	Isabelle Mabry
Erin Cline	Edith Moore
Lucy Camp	Elizabeth Miller
Sara Cox	Kathleen Michaux
Gertrude Courtney	Jonnie Mease
Alice Courtney	Mary Newland
Ida Dorton	Mary Melson
Emily Fuller	Charity Nipper
Alma Goode	Virginia Patterson
Annie Glass	Agnes Puett
Bess Hoffman	Helen Pleasants
Christine Henkle	Mary Parks
Alma Heafner	Ollie Powell
Clara Horn	Ellen Rogers
Ollie Hege	Beatrice Reid
Johnsie Harshaw	Olive Reid
Majelle Ivey	Ruth Sherrill
Mary Willie Ivey	Ruth Secrest
Fay Johnson	Eunice Stroupe
Lucy Jordon	Louise Waldrop
Cecelia Kirksey	Zadia Winkler
Knoxie Kiser	Zelma Winkler
Inez Legette	Nellie West



Five V's

MOTTO:

Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we may die.

COLORS

Blue, red, green, yellow, etc.

FLOWER

Twelve o'clock

MEMBERS

Louise Burkhead

Jonnie Mease

Mary Parks

Olive Reid

Beatrice Reid

“The Wise Old Owls”

MEMBERS

Alma Goode

Bessie Hoffman

Estelle Miller

Helen Pleasants

Jennie Carpenter



WISE OLD OWLS

Rutherford County Club

MOTTO:

Not a day without some fun

COLORS

Yellow and Black

FLOWER

Daisy

Place of Meeting—Where the Moon Shines.

Time of Meeting—When the Weather's Fine.

OFFICERS

Kansas Byers	-	-	-	-	-	President
Estelle Miller	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Bryte Bess	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Jennie Carpenter	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Members

Characteristic Sayings

Kansas Byers	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Joe!"
Lucy Byers	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Oh, Soup."
Bryte Bess	-	-	-	-	-	-	Silent treatment
Knox Bess	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Well that's the p-r-e-t-t-i-e-s-t thing."
Jennie Carpenter	-	-	-	-	-	-	"He, he."
Cecilia Kirksey	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Oh honey."
Clara Horn	-	-	-	-	-	-	"I want to see Carl."
Sarah Phillips	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Oh wouldn't you love to see papa."
Louise Waldrop	-	-	-	-	-	-	"Is Miss Wallace at home?"
Fannie Weaver	-	-	-	-	-	-	"I want to go home."
Estelle Miller	-	-	-	-	-	-	"For the goodness sake."



RUTHERFORD COUNTY CLUB

S. O. D. H. Club

MOTTO:

I want a man, a man, a man---sion in the sky

COLORS

Anything but green

OCCUPATION

Proposing

FAVORITE DRINK

Ginger Tea

President	-	-	-	-	Ruth Secest
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	Ruth Fincher
Secretary	-	-	-	-	Kathleen Michaux
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	May Cline

CHIEF AMBITION

Ruth Secest	-	-	-	-	To learn how to "add"
Ruth Fincher	-	-	-	-	To get a flesh reducer
Ollie Hege	-	-	-	-	To gain an education without study
Helen Pleasants	-	-	-	-	To see beauty in teachers
Annie Heafner	-	-	-	-	To go to "preachin"
Hattie McClure	-	-	-	-	To be near "Kansas"
Mae Cline	-	-	-	-	To read a dime novel
Kathleen Michaux	-	-	-	-	To live out of her own room

SONG

In heaven above where all is love, the teachers they will not go there;
But down below where all is woe, the teachers they will go
——way down upon the Swanee river.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS



Sidney Lanier Literary Society

MOTTO:

Loyalty, Fraternity, Fidelity

FLOWER
Red Rose

COLORS
Red and White

OFFICERS

Kate Shaw	-	-	-	-	-	President
Sallie Ivey	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Fay Cunningham	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Ruth Secrest	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Gertrude Courtney	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
Jewell Womble	-	-	-	-	-	Chaplain
Faye Johnson	-	-	-	-	-	Hall Marshal

MEMBERS

Ethel Brown	Jessie Ervin
Gertrude Courtney	Grace Frasier
Jennie Carpenter	Emily Fuller
Fay Cunningham	Hallie Gibbs
Williard Greer	Sallie Ivey
Johnsie Harshaw	Lucy Jorday
Clara Horne	Faye Johnson
Alma Hefner	Olive Kent
Cecelia Kirksey	Addie Mauney
Joyce Lenoir	Estelle Miller
Blanche Mann	Edith Moore
Jonnie Mease	Elizabeth Miller
Nell Moore	Pearl Robbins
Edna Niven	Kate Shaw
Mary Newland	Kathleen Shell
Pauline Raper	Mary Parks Shell
Janie Tuttle	Fannie Weaver
Annie Wilson	Jewell Womble
Louise Waldrop	Inez Zachary



SIDNEY LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY

Henry Timrod Literary Society

MOTTO:
Fait lux

FLOWER
Daisy

COLORS
Yellow and White

OFFICERS

Virginia Patterson	-	-	-	-	-	President
Mary Hill Lentz	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Rosalie Lackey	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Charity Nipper	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Mable Cherry	-	-	-	-	-	Chaplain
Lucy Harrelson	-	-	-	-	-	Critic
Ellen Rogers	-	-	-	-	-	Hall Marshal

MEMBERS

Tommie Baber	Nell Mauney
Bryte Bess	Bell Mauney
Knox Bess	Kathleen Michaux
Kansas Byers	Charity Nipper
Lucy Byers	Mary Parks
Fannie Beattie	Virginia Patterson
Louise Burkhead	Ellen Rogers
Willie Baber	Ferrie Rhyne
Lucy Camp	Georgia Rankin
Grace Carpenter	Eunice Stroup
Sallie Cox	Ruth Sherrill
Mable Cherry	Floy Trollinger
Mae Cline	Beatrice Reid
Ruth Fincher	Olive Reid
Alma Goode	Nell e West
Annie Glass	Beulah Williamson
Lucy Harrelson	Della Wilson
Bessie Hoffman	Cleo Wall
Annie Heafner	Iva McIntosh
Knoxie Kiser	Miss Holtzelaw
Mary Hill Lentz	Mr. Birmingham
Mary Lowrance	Mamie Miller
Inez Legette	Ida Dorton
Rosalie Lackey	Ollie Hege
Isabelle Mabry	Essie Loven
Mamie Mabry	



MUSIC CLASS



Davenport Dramatic Club

Emily Fuller

Hallie Gibbs

Alma Hefner

Zelma Winkler

Zaida Winkler

“The Pick’t Ons.”

MOTTO

Never to be on time

FLOWER
(*Jonquil jealous*)

COLORS
Yellow and light blue

AIM

To be the “bestest” there is

YELL

Pickety, Rickety
Sis, Boom, Bah
Picked on, Picked on
Yes we are.

OFFICERS

Sallie Ivey	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Gertrude Courtney	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Blanche Mann	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Gertrude Courtney	Blanche Mann
Jessie Ervin	Beth Miller
Sallie Ivey	Mary Newland
Faye Johnson	Jack Harshaw
Olive Kent	Mary Parks Shell
Joyce Lenoir	Kathleen Shell
Eva Teague	



S. O. D. H. CLUB



PICK'T ONS



“Idiots”

MOTTO

Be sure you're safe and then go ahead

MEMBERS

Bess Hoffman

Pauline Raper

Louise Burkhead

Elna Niven

Faye Cunningham

Edith Moore



R. N. C's

MOTTO

To have a good time

YELL

Rah! Rah! Ree!

Who are we

We're the remainders

Of the R. N. C.'s!

FAVORITE DISH

Oysters

Members	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Lucile Lowry	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Ethel Brown	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Charity Nipper	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

FAVORITE DRINK

Punch

Nicknames

"Silly"

"Neg"

"Nip"

“Jacks”

Addie Mauney Lucy Jordan
 Bell Mauney Rosalie Lackey
 Hallie Gibbs Emily Fuller
 (Ex Jack) Bill Andrews

Jacks, Jacks, Jacks,
Only a party of six are we,
And I would that the space would permit me,
To give our history from “A” to “Z”

But as a limited space is allowed me,
I’ll give the chief of our characteristics;
We care not for the opinions of others
Tis only for that of the “Six.”

O well for the scornful glances
That are spitefully cast our way
O well for those who from afar
Note critically our movements each day.
For we six go peacefully on
To our haven under the hill
Just as scornfully, haughtily indifferent
As if every voice was still

Jacks, Jacks, Jacks,
Thy name is held sacred by me
And the tender partings in future years
Can not weaken my love for thee.



“JACKS”

D. H. G's

COLOR
Yellow

FLOWER
Dandelion

MOTTO

Blessed are they that hunger for they shall be filled.

AIM

To raise the roof off the house

Time of meeting

Place of meeting

When the spirit moves us.

Where teachers can't find us.

OFFICERS

Mamie Miller	-	-	-	-	President
Kathleem Michaux	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Floy Trollinger	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Pauline Raper	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

MEMBERS

MAMIE MILLER

Favorite Expression—*"Bless its heart"*

Hearts Desire—*To get a letter from Texas*

Pet Name—*"Sister"*

Chief Characteristic—*Sweetest*

PAULINE RAPER

Favorite Expression—*"Oh my heart"*

Hearts Desire—*To fall in love with the English Teacher*

Pet name—*"Baby"*

Chief Characterestic—*Prettiest*

FLOY TROLLINGER

Favorite Expression—*"Gee Mimy"*

Hearts Desire—*To go to the picture show*

Pet Name—*"Grandma"*

Chief Characterestic—*Cutest*

KATHLEEN MICHAUX

Favorite Expression—*"Bosh"*

Hearts Desire—*To play tricks on Miss Wallace*

Pet Name—*"Tab"*

Chief Characterestic—*Funniest*



D. H. G S



DUMPY CLUB

Bells!

Hear the clatter of the bells,
Electric bells!
What a world of misery, their clattering fortells!
How they jangle, jangle, jangle,
Through the halls of Davenport!
And the poor girls, who have to obey them,
Would give their lives if they could stay them,
So they might have sport.
But they're compelled to keep time,
With the chime, chime, chime,
With that commanding jangle that so fearfully swells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jangling of those fierce electric bells.

Hear that loud, loud breakfast bell—
Brazen bell!
What a tale of terror its loud alarm tells,
For I, old sleepy head,
Have just now crawled out of bed,
Too much horrified to speak,
I can only shriek, shriek,
“Can I possibly get there?”
And shuffling and skuffling wholly disregarding looks,
I make a mad expostulation with the buttons and the hooks,
With a desperate desire
I hurry, hurry down the stairs,
Making a resolute endeavor,
To get my breakfast now or never.
And all the while the brazen bell
Now it sinks, now it swells,
And buttoning, buttoning all the time,
With a sort of Runic rhyme,
I love to keep time, time, time,
To the changing and the jangling of that bell.

Hear that awful walking bell—
Iron bell!
What a burst of anger its shrieking tones impel!
For its long before dusk,
When we shudder with disgust,
At the impertinent menace of its tone.
For every sound that floats
From the rust within its throat
Calls forth a howl
From the girls—ah, the———!

For staying there to be in the school
That's composed solely of rules, rules, rules
And the one that is tolling
The bell in that emphatic tone,
Feels a glory in so rolling
In the hearts of the girls a stone.
It is not a man—but a woman,
She's perhaps more brute than human,
She's the teacher on docket!
And her master is he who stands
In the office window with both hands
Deep within his pocket.
And as he gazes, his bosom swells,
With the satisfaction of knowing
That they have to obey the bells.
Keeping time, time, time,
There they go all in line,
Fussing, quarreling all the time,
Because they have to step to the chime,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells.
Bells, bells, bells—
Stepping to the music of the horrid, horrid bells.

ROSALIE LACKEY





“Varsity”

Inez Legette	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
Ruth Fincher	-	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
Kathleen Michaux	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center
Louise Burkhead	-	-	-	-	-	-	Center
Knox Bess	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
Floy Trollinger	-	-	-	-	-	-	Guard



“Champions”

Inez Legette	-	-	-	Forward
Beatrice Read	-	-	-	Forward
Knox Bess	-	-	-	Center
Louise Burkhead	-	-	-	Center
Isabelle Mabry	-	-	-	Guard
Edith Moore	-	-	-	Guard



“Tigers”

Ruth Fincher	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
Mary Parks	-	-	-	-	-	Forward
Kathleen Michaux	-	-	-	-	-	Center
Lucy Byers	-	-	-	-	-	Center
Floy Trollinger	-	-	-	-	-	Guard
Charity Nipper	-	-	-	-	-	Guard



“Extra Good”

Ida Dorton	-	-	-	-	Forward
Mary Lowrance	-	-	-	-	Forward
Georgie Rankin	-	-	-	-	Center
Willie Mae Baber	-	-	-	-	Center
Ethel Brown	-	-	-	-	Guard
Olive Reid	-	-	-	-	Guard

Tennis Club

COLORS

White and Black

ATTIRE

Middy-blouses

OFFICERS

Kate Shaw	-	-	-	-	-	President
Lucy Jordan	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Bell Mauney	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Ethel Brown	Lucy Jordan
Louise Burkhead	Knoxie Kiser
Willie Baber	Essie Loven
Mabel Cherry	Addie Mauney
Ida Dorton	Bell Mauney
Hallie Gibbs	Edith Moore
Annie Glass	Charity Nipper
Ollie Hege	Helen Pleasants
Bess Hoffman	Pauline Raper
Alma Heafner	Kate Shaw
Beulah Williamson	Mary Parks
Nellie West	

Last Will and Testament

We, the members of the Senior Class of Davenport College, being of sound judgment, and realizing that our days here are numbered, before we quit this life of trials, tests, and flunks, do hereby make this our last will and testament, hereby recalling any former wills and testaments made by us:

Item 1. To Mr. Craven, our honored President, we will our appreciation of his teaching, his thoughtfulness and kindness, as well as the love of each one of us.

Item 2. To our honored President, in particular, we will a new collection of lectures to be delivered at chapel exercise; we also give him fifteen minutes twice each week to meet his Geology class. We will to him a dignified Senior Class that will get out a dignified Annual.

Item 3. To our Lady Principal we will a copy of "New Rules and Regulations," the present copy having been worn out by constant use; in addition we will to her monitors who will see that all girls are at Sunday School on time.

Item 4. To Miss Holtzclaw we bequeath a new French Grammar without any irregular verbs. We also will to her a Latin Grammar with Scansion omitted.

Item 5. To Miss Radford we bequeath classes that will not quarrel about tests, and more artistic designs of exhibiting students' grades.

Item 6. To Mr. Birmingham we bequeath a set of perfectly lovely girls who never play rag-time music, and contribute five cents each Sunday morning to Sunday School.

Item 7. To Misses Wallace and Thilo we bequeath each a pair of skates to be used next winter.

Item 8. To Miss Wall we will a piano that she may use any time she wishes, Sunday night included, and a class that can pronounce German.

Item 9. To Miss Norwood we will a very dear friend, who has in fact been abroad, to relieve her of her hall duties.

Item 10. To Miss McIntosh we will a well filled medicine case and some one to collect bills

Item 11. To Miss Baber we will an extra voice lesson each night.

Item 12. To Mrs. Hebron we will ten music pupils who

she determined then to identify herself with the cause. She believes that indifference and absorption in business has brought many ills to women and little children. She thinks the remedy lies in giving the right of suffrage to women. Miss Byers is now travelling over the whole country and with all the intensity of nature she throws herself into the discussion. Many large audiences listen to her eloquence. Her ability in municipal matters has been recognized and she was elected Mayor of her home town and has already

made many marked improvements. Her fame has become national and her name is being pressed for governor of her state. Who knows what the next election will bring?—The Observer.

As for the prophet her prophetic insight fails to delineate any future for her. But let us hope that what is hidden behind a veil falls not too short of the bright careers shown for her classmates.

GERTRUDE COURTNEY



TENNIS CLUB

The First Day of May

Mildred Le Roy was spending a few days with her grandmother who lived in a picturesque old home in Southern Georgia. It had been quite a pretty place in its younger days but was now dark with age, and in shady places the stones were overgrown with moss. The one time beautiful and well kept grounds were not in such faultless order now, but they still bore traces of brighter days for the soft evening air was sweet with the odor of flowers.

Grandmother and Mildred were sitting on an old rustic seat out among the flowers, and grandmother had been telling Mildred of her girlhood. Among other things she told of looking into a spring on the first day of May to see the face of her "intended," of how she had gone with her sister and a friend who was visiting them, and how she had really seen the face of the man she afterwards met and married.

Mildred had been very much interested and as grandmother had said the spring was only a short distance from the house, she resolved to slip away the next day which happened to be the first day of May, and try her fate. Mildred did not have much faith in such things, but she did have a fair amount of curiosity together with a strong love for the romantic.

The next day Mildred managed to slip away unobserved in search of grandmother's spring which she found with little trouble. It was a cool looking place for the spring was shaded by a large old tree which leaned far over its crystal mirror where the little leaves merrily laughed and waved back to the leaves in the tree above. Mildred stepped up to the spring with lips half parted and with a smile of amusement that she had found herself half expecting to see another face than her own in those crystal depths. But when she did look in she was very much startled to see among the dancing reflections of the leaves, a smiling, boyish face looking up into hers. She saw the effect but was too startled to seek the cause; for if she had looked up she would have seen the owner of that merry face as he looked down through the branches of the old tree, with a bright smile still on his handsome young face.

Mildred ran back to the house without even a glance

backward until she reached the old stone steps of a side entrance, here she sank down utterly exhausted, with flushed cheeks and eyes bright with excitement. A little later grandmother found her leaning against the steps in a "Day-dream" attitude.

"Mildred Child! where have you been? I have searched for you everywhere. If you are to be crowned "May Queen" today, it is high time you were dressing; you will barely have time now before Elizabeth calls for you."

Elizabeth Edwards was Mildred's best friend among the young people around her grandmother's home. When Mildred came grandmother had said,

"Elizabeth is a lovely girl and I hope you will be as good friends as your mothers were in their girlhood days," and it had been as grandmother had wished for they had become the best of friends. They were now constantly together, one would not even build "a castle in Spain" without comparing the architectural plans of one with the other.

Mildred was an unusually pretty girl, and so they had chosen her to be "May Queen" in a First of May celebration which was to be given near her grandmother's home. Elizabeth and her mother had called for Mildred and it was with fast beating hearts that they rode forth to meet the adventure of the day. At last they arrived on the grounds, and Mildred had taken her place upon the large white throne erected for the "May Queen," and Elizabeth thought that Mildred had never looked better than today as she sat with royal dignity on her throne, a perfect type of southern girlish beauty. The College Glee club from the university which had furnished the music for the may pole dance had paid the fair little queen several compliments with their music, while Elizabeth had been in a whirl of delight all day because her chum had carried out her part so well. When the time came to depart Mildred was escorted to her flower-decked automobile with great honor. while the band played soft sweet music. As she passed in front of the band a white rose fell from her arms, which the manager picked up and quietly secreted. A moment later he was startled by a slap on the shoulder as Henry Lawrence said, "Hey! old fellow, is it a very bad case? Allow me to congratulate you upon your

good taste, but you are not the only one she has bewitched to-day."

The summer months passed rapidly away, and Elizabeth accompanied by Mildred was now at college. They were Seniors now and the months were swiftly passing on. The Christmas holidays had come and gone and February of the new year was here.

One evening while a crowd of girls were in Mildred's and Elizabeth's room the conversation drifted to the pranks of the heroine in "when Patty went to Boarding School." Suddenly Louise Hall spoke, "By the way, did you hear what a cute answer Lillian Dunn received to a Leap-year Proposal? It was the cutest thing I ever read."

"O! how could she do such a thing," said Mildred. "Just think how she would feel if she should ever happen to see him."

"But" continued Louise, "there isn't one chance in a thousand of her ever seeing him. He is a friend of Eva Cary's and she just wrote to see what kind of an answer he would give."

"Say girls, lets all all of us write to some one else's friend whom we never expect to see," said fun loving Edith Bennett: I think that would be the most fun of all, and you know there can't be any harm in it.

"There may not be any real harm in it but I wouldn't do it for anything" said Mildred.

Just then the Cabinet bell rang so Mildred had to go.

"Listen here, girls, I know the nicest boy in Asheville, and I would just give anything if Mildred would write to him, but of course she wouldn't; so what do you all say to writing one in her name? Wouldn't it be fun though when she gets the answer?"

The letter was written but Mr. Harvey had gone to Charleston to stay until the first of summer, so this mischievous epistle had to be forwarded there, where it carried Mr. Harvey not a little surprise. for Edward Harvey had heard of Mildred Le Roy and half suspected this to be a prank of her school mates, never the less he wrote a careful answer in which he accepted and begged her to write again.

The girls looked at all of Mildred's letters for an Asheville Post Mark but failed to find it. When Mildred's letter

from Charleston came, she knew at once what the girls had done, so she answered it to explain to Mr. Harvey. He wrote that he had felt sure it was that way, especially after comparing the writing of the two letters, but he begged her to continue the correspondence at least for a while. Later she learned that his mother had been a class-mate of Mrs. Edwards, but he never told her that his home was not in Charleston.

On graduation day Mildred received a huge box of white roses from Asheville and in the box was a card to "The Little May Queen, Miss Mildred Le Roy." Mildred could not guess from whom it had come.

In August after finishing school Mildred and Elizabeth were with a party among the mountains of Western North Carolina. One day they had taken a long trip out from Asheville. As they were returning a rather serious accident happened to the last car which was some distance behind the others, and in which were Mildred, Elizabeth, Louise Hall, Mrs. Edwards, and Tom Hall who was driving. No one was hurt with the exception of Tom Hall whose right arm was injured, but the car was disabled. The others were far out of sight now so what was to be done? Just then they were overtaken by a large car driven by a man with a close fitting cap and who was so covered with dust that one could hardly tell whether he were black or white, but he seemed like an angel from heaven as he kindly offered to carry them on to Asheville. No one knew or thought to ask his name. He left the party at the hotel, promising to call later with news from the wounded man as he drove on with him to the hospital.

When their unknown friend returned he was no longer a dust-covered "automobilest," but a well dressed genteel young man. He was outwardly calm and only his eyes, which were bright with excitement, betrayed the real anxiety he felt. When he asked for Mrs. Edward's party he was told that they were on the grounds, so he sent a servant on with his card. He met all of the party except Mildred, who had strolled apart from the others. Presently their friend asked where the fifth member of the party was, but when Elizabeth offered to find Mildred he asked to be allowed to find her himself and leaving the others he went in search of

her. When he found her she was leaning against a fountain listening to the musical drip of the water. He had thought her very beautiful a little more than a year ago when, as manager of the college Glee Club, he had seen her crowned "Queen of May," but now, as she stood there by this picturesque old fountain with one of Asheville's famous sunsets spreading forth its glory in the distance and with a nearer view of the mountains for a background, he thought her far more lovely than before. She was not by any means "a doll-baby beauty," for she had a strong intelligent face; but her chief charms were a gentle air of refinement, bright expressive eyes, and lips in whose corners smiles were always playing hide-and-seek.

As Mildred turned to move away she was startled by some one saying, "Pardon me Miss Le Roy, but I hope you have entirely recovered from your shock of the afternoon?" At the same time handing her his card.

She had recovered from that shock, but here was another still greater. Her face flushed a deep crimson as she read the name on his card— "Edward Rutledge Harvey." There was a breathless silence. Mildred's eyes were still on the card when Edward said: "Since Fate has brought about a meeting, it seems to me that we should be friends in reality, and I hope you will not allow that Leap-year joke to interfere with what I hope will be a lasting friendship." With cheeks still flushed she laughingly said, "Perhaps it will not." Nor did it, for the ties of friendship grew closer as the summer days passed away; for Mildred and Edward saw a great deal of each other, in fact the net of friendship grew so strong that when the little god of love got his wings entangled in its meshes he could never get out again although he did not give up trying until quieted by the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and he heard the wedding bells peal forth their victory the following April.

Mildred and Edward had returned from their honeymoon and were spending a few days with Mildred's grandmother. One afternoon they were walking among the flower beds of their old rambling grounds, when drifting farther and farther they finally reached an old spring shaded by a large leaning tree. As they stood there in silence amid stirring memories of the past almost unconsciously Mildred

stepped to the spring and looked in. What did the spring have to show her now? Was there anything in grandmother's prophecy Well, yes perhaps, for there was the same face, grown more manly, smiling up into hers, for Edward was looking over her shoulder. In a flash she knew why his face had seemed familiar as if some where she had known it before when they met at the fountain. Looking up into his eyes she said "why Edward! it was you, and you have known all the time."

GRACE CARPENTER

Those Old Classmates of Mine

As one who cons at evening
O'er an album all alone
And muses on the faces
Of the friends that she has known.
So I turn the leaves of the "Galax"
Till in clear cut design
I see the smiling features of
Those old class-mates of mine.

——— 'Tis a fragrant retrospection
For the glowing thoughts that start
Into being are like perfume
From the blossoms of the heart.
And to live the old days over
Is a luxury divine
When my truant fancies wander with
Those old class-mates of mine.

Now bright in my fancy
As the glow that sunset brings
Are the images of faces
And dreams of pleasant things,
And I feel no twinge of conscience
As I think of all our pranks
For which, if the teachers had found them out,
We would have got no thanks,
In fact, to speak in earnest,
I believe it was no harm
To spice the hard dull tasks
With a little bit of fun.
For I find an extra flavor
In memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to
Those old class-mates of mine.

A face of truth and courage
Suggestive of health and strength
Comes vividly before me
And of Kansas I sit and think

Till I thrill beneath the glances
Of a pair of friendly eyes
In which is open frankness
In which sincerity lies.

I can see the little cap
And the dress of dark blue serge
"Jubie" wore when coming with the mail,
She smiles at us, as, on the verge
Of asking, "Did I get one this time?"
We stand eagerly waiting for her
That old class-mate of mine.

And now I feel the pressure
Of a firm yet gentle hand
And Mamie is talking to me
Of the future she has planned
When she will go to Trinity
And, with lots of work to do,
Will make herself quite famous
By getting diploma number two.
A face of radiant beauty
A pair of sparkling eyes
And Bryte comes smiling to me
With a look of glad surprise.

And all the other faces—
Mary Hill, Virginia, Bell,
Ellen, Addie, Gertrude, "Sall," and Kate
Come crowding in at such a rate
That I can hardly think
Of the reunion we have planned,
Or realize how soon
I shall grasp them by the hand.
But Ah! my dream is broken
And from the carriage I almost fall
So anxious am I to be once more
In Davenport's old front hall,
And with eagerness and rapture
The "Galax" I resign
To greet the living presence of
Those old class-mates of mine!

MAMIE MILLER

Statistics

CHOSEN PROFESSION—House-keeping 50 per cent; teaching country schools 15 per cent; undecided 30 per cent; music teacher 5 per cent.

FAVORITE AMUSEMENT—Kodaking 40 per cent; making candy 40 per cent; Saturday night marching 10 per cent; talking 10 per cent.

FAVORITE SPORT—tennis 60 per cent; basket-ball 40 per cent.

ENGAGED—99 per cent (leap year.)

FAVORITE AUTHOR—Shakespeare 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent; Tennyson 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent; Longfellow 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

FAVORITE STUDY—Math 40 per cent; English 40 per cent; Latin 10 per cent; French 10 per cent.

MOST ORIGINAL GIRL—Kathleen Micheaux 51 per cent; Rosalie Lackey 49 per cent.

MOST POPULAR GIRL—Jewell Womble 90 per cent; Kathleen Micheaux 10 per cent.

PRETTIEST GIRL—Bess Hoffman 60 per cent; Bell Mauney 40 per cent.

CUTEST GIRL—Jonnie Mease 90 per cent; Edith Moore 10 per cent.

FAVORITE LOAFING PLACE—Drug store 99 per cent; office 1 per cent.

BIGGEST TALKER—Inez Le Gette 70 per cent; Ruth Sherrill 30 per cent.

BIGGEST EATER—Georgia Rankin 59 per cent; Ferrie Rhyne 19 per cent; Ruth Sherrill 2 per cent.

MOST DIGNIFIED GIRL—Ellen Rogers 70 per cent; Mae Cline 30 per cent.

BEST BASKET-BALL PLAYER—Ruth Fincher 60 per cent; Edith Moore 40 per cent.

MOST MISCHIEVOUS GIRL—Johnsie Harshaw 99 per cent; Kansas Byers 1 per cent.

BIGGEST FLIRT—Joyce Lenior 80 per cent; Ida Dorton 20 per cent.

BIGGEST LOAFER—Pauline Raper 50 per cent; Isabelle Mabry 25 per cent; Lucy Jordan 25 per cent.

TALLEST GIRL—Mae Cline 50 per cent; Lucy Harrelson 50 per cent.

SHORTEST GIRL—Inez Zachery 71 per cent; Louise Burkhead 29 per cent.

YARN SPIELER—Ollie Hege 86 per cent; Fannie Beattie 14 per cent.

MUSICIAN—Sallie Cox 86 per cent; Gertrude Courtney 14 per cent.

WITTIEST GIRL—Ruth Secret 82 per cent; Charity Nipper 18 per cent.

Jokes

Some one in the chapel below was playing "Melody of Love." She gazed out of her window at the star lit sky; all the happiness had gone out of her life. She thought with a sad heart of the gay crowd in the chapel below. She thought of the young man from the city who waited her there and she knew she could not go to him. With a sigh of despair she dropped her head in her hands. She was without hope. She had lost her hair switch.

Gertrude as she walked off the campus with a senior robe and cap on for the first time was heard to exclaim: "Girls I feel like a United States flag."

Virginia reviewing Kathleen on her grammar "Kathleen what are the Relative Pronouns?" Kathleen: "They are the one that are related to the others."

Miss Wallace on Senior History: "Miss Bess what were Annie Hutchinson's beliefs?"

Miss Bess: "She believed in Woman's Rights."

Miss Sanders at Chapel Exercise: "Is Miss Alma Heafner ill this morning?" Inez: "No she is sick."

Kathleen seeing Mr. Birmingham and Miss Womble coming up from the Post Office was heard to say: "My! I am going for the mail tomorrow."

While studying Physics, Mary Hill asked Virginia if she ever blew a bellows.

Virginia: "Yes lots of times."

Katie: "Do you blow it with your mouth?"

Sara Phillips in book-room: "Jewell have you any one cent postals?"

Kate: "Just think, America has only been discovered a little over four hundred years."

Virginia: "Well it seems longer than that doesn't it?"

Kate: "Bell, they are having another faculty meeting tonight."

Bell: "Who?"

Kate: "The teachers."

Ellen: Exams make me think of the quotation. "Hear it not Duncan for it is the knell that summons thee to heaven or to hell,"—from Macbeth.

Miss McIntosh: "O that's not from Macbeth its from Shakespeare."

Alma: "I'm just crazy about reading. I've just finished reading Shakespeares' Hiawatha."

Ethel: "Do you want to get a pennant?"

Georgia: "No, I have ordered a Society pin, and don't like too much jewelry."

Miss Wallace on History: "Who introduced Methodism in America?"

Virginia: "Martin Luther."

College Ads

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KATHLEEN MICHAUX

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Do school girls realize how dainty sweets help to pass away the long studious hours? I always have a fresh supply.

HALLIE GIBBS

I have on the way a nice lot of rice and grits, also four barrels of new Orleans molasses.

J. B. CRAVEN

How can I increase my German vocabulary? For quite a while this has been the question of Miss Wall. The German Class is now in a position to furnish any one with an unlimited supply of the very purest of German

BRYTE BESS

Save your voice and keep it clear by using B. S. Cough Drops. I have a new lot just in.

MRS. HEBRON

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See

OLLIE HEGE

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Any one desiring valuable text-books well illustrated apply to

THE SENIOR CLASS

FOR SALE

My second-hand mail-bag, slightly ragged but still useful.

JEWELL WOMBLE

Wanted

Some one to answer Virginia Carter's questions.
ELLEN ROGERS

Some one to wipe my mouth.—SYRUP PITCHER

Permission to go to Drug Store without a teacher.
SENIOR CLASS

Some one to take me to the "tooth" dentist.
NELL WEST

An opportunity to display my brilliancy on "Trig."
LUCY CAMP

To wear a cap and robe. INEZ LE GETTE

A reliable girl to help keep the Seniors from leaving the Library disorderly. LUCY CAMP

Seventy-five cents to take to a birthday party.
MR. BIRMINGHAM

At once! an automatic paper grader. One fully experienced in grading Freshmen papers.
MISS WALLACE

Some one to answer my Leap Year proposal.
ETHEL BROWN

Cold biscuits to feed "Don" on while Miss Thilo paints his picture. MISS WALLACE

Permission to stop studying "Dictionary."
STUDENT BODY

To find out Mamie Miller's real name.
MARY LOWRANCE

Some one to wash my face before breakfast.
LUCY HARRELSON

All social functions to be elevating.
MISS SANDERS

Some one to help me keep the girls from talking, while going to and from Classes.
MISS RADFORD

An extra Bank in Lenoir in which to deposit Sunday School money. MR. BIRMINGHAM

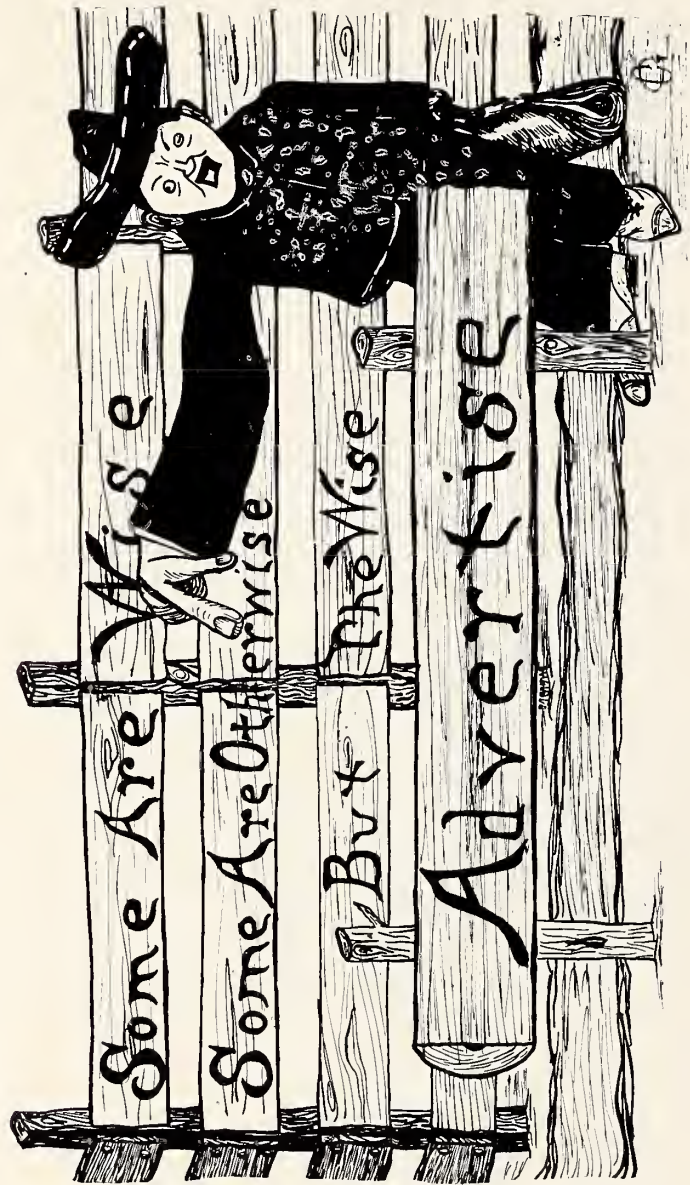
Something to prevent gray hairs.
FRESHMAN CLASS



"TOM"



"Just look at me
And you will see
Why for a tailpiece
The Seniors chose me."



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